Five Times People Gave Tony Shit for Being Short and the One Time He Didn't Mind

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Five Times People Gave Tony Shit for Being Short and the One Time He Didn't Mind

by lovelyauras

Summary

> “If the next word that comes out of your mouth has anything to do with a fantasy creature that is shorter than four feet tall, I swear I’m leaving you.”

Notes

> For my own favorite short person. Happy Birthday, love!

Five damn inches. Five point zero. Twelve point seven centimeters. Less than half of an English foot in difference.

Tony really didn't think it was enough to warrant hobbit comparisons. Actually, he was pretty sure that Steve's file was wrong, and he had put at least an extra half inch his measurement. So there. Only a four and one half inch height difference. He was taller than Steve in the suit anyway. (If only by four inches.)

1.

Tony scowled as he reached up to open the cupboard for a mug. As much as he'd like to, he couldn't drink coffee straight from the pot. Biting his lip, Tony shuffled the contents of the cabinet with his hand. There was one up there, he knew it-

"Morning, Tony. What're you doing?" Steve gave an enormous yawn and stretched, and good *God* his arms were long.

"Getting a coffee mug. What's it look like?"

"Someone's cranky."

"Yeah, well, I didn't get a whole lotta sleep last night." This remark was accompanied by a very pointed look at the Captain, who just grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.

"You weren't complaining then. Why don't you just grab that one?" Steve vaguely gestured to the cabinet. Tony followed his gaze and his frown deepened.

"Where are you pointing Steve?"

"Right there, can't ya- oh, my bad. Here," He went over and reached past the grumpy brunet. While Tony would usually quite enjoy being surrounded by Steve's stupidly long and muscular arms, he couldn't appreciate it this time.

"Show off," Tony muttered, noticing that Steve was trying very hard not to smirk. He was failing miserably.

2.

"Hey," Steve's voice interrupted Tony's train of thought. He hadn't heard him open the door to the workshop. Hell, there wasn't even music playing. When had that turned off? Tony felt large hands on his hips and let himself lean back into Steve's broad shoulders with his head resting on his chest. He hummed for a moment in contentment.

"Hey," he answered quietly. "You gonna lecture me about sleep and food?"

“Nah, not right now. Just wanted to be with you.” Even better. It was quiet moments like these that Tony enjoyed most with Steve. Just touching each other and breathing, with all the time in the world.

But then the dear Captain had to go and be a shit.

They stayed like that for a while before the taller man pretended to give a yawn and put his chin on Tony’s head, feining heavy snores. Tony let it go on for a minute, but decided he had had enough when Steve started snuggling his chin down into his hair like a pillow. A sharp hip check from Tony’s butt (which actually only reached Steve’s upper thighs) pushed the blond backwards, but only a little bit. Steve wrapped his arms around him again and Tony could feel him shaking lightly with giggles.

“I’m glad you find me amusing,” Tony deadpanned, focusing again on the table of tools in front of him.

Still quiet, Steve smiled and kissed the top of his head. Tony rolled his eyes and turned around, looping his arms over Steve’s shoulders. He went up on his tiptoes to get closer to the blond’s mouth.

“No, no, no, if you’re going to kiss me, do it properly.”

“Mmm, fine by me,” He kissed Tony’s forehead, “My,” then his nose, “little,” and he stopped, just a breath’s length away from his lips. His eyelids were half closed. He opened his lips again, but Tony interrupted him.

“If the next word that comes out of your mouth has anything to do with a fantasy creature that is shorter than four feet tall, I swear I’m leaving you.”

Steve said nothing, but he fully opened his eyes to look at his boyfriend. Their foreheads were touching. That didn’t stop Tony from noticing that Cap was biting the inside of his cheek.

Tony shoved him backward with an indignant huff. “You asshole! I can’t even think of any you haven’t used yet.”

“To be fair, I didn’t say it.”

“You were going to! What was it?”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. After all, you did threaten to leave me.”

“Honeybear,” Tony said sweetly, “Now I’m going to leave you if you *don’t* tell me.”

“I’ll give you a hint. Star Wars.”

“Jawa? Yoda? No, my skin is too good for Yoda.”

“Good suggestions, but no.”

“What else is there- *No*,” Looking scandalized, Tony put his hand over his arc reactor. “Steven Grant Rogers, love of my life, tell me you weren’t going to refer to me as a fucking *ewok*.”

Steve gave a guilty shrug. No shame, that man.

“Forget it. All bets are off, I’m leaving you anyway. This is what I get for being a good boyfriend and showing you one of the greatest science fiction series in history. I get compared to a literal goddamned stuffed animal. First it was hobbits, now you’ve stooped to ewoks. God Steve. Rhodey always appreciated me more anyway.”

“He was the one who gave me the idea.”

Tony humphed and shook his head, and if he stomped his feet a little on the way out, well, it was justified. He made a mental note not to show *Star Trek* to his boyfriend. The last thing he needed was to get compared to a damn tribble.

3.

The present was wrapped in blue paper with a gold ribbon. It was about one square foot in size, but the most interesting part about it was that it had no tag. Obviously, Tony was suspicious. He looked around at the rest of the team, his friends, but no one seemed the obvious culprit. They had each already given him a birthday present. And yet there was still one left.

“Should I be worried? Is this gonna explode? Should I have JARVIS scan it?” Tony asked, quirking an eyebrow at his friends. He held it up to his ear and shook it. There was definitely something in the box, because it was audibly moving and rattling. They all looked at each other, shaking their heads and making puzzled faces.

“If it’s explosive, maybe don’t shake it?” Bruce suggested.

“The gift contains no explosive materials, sir.” Did J sound...amused?

Despite even more misgivings, Tony tore into the paper and opened the box.

“*Clint, I swear to God-*” Tony lifted the step stool out of the box and held it menacingly over his head. Unfortunately, the marksman didn’t seem too frightened. Neither did anyone else, if their snickering was anything to go by.

“Man,” Clint snorted, “I *wish* that was from me. But seeing that it wasn’t, I’ve got no idea who did it. I don’t know anyone else here who’s that smart. And rude. Other than Nat, that is, but she’s usually much more subtle.”

Tony turned on her, just to make sure. She rolled her eyes at him and smirked, “Tony, really? I would never even dream of buying you that. If I wanted to improve your height, I would’ve gotten you a pair of heels. Much more fashionable than that thing. Steve would probably enjoy it more, too,” She grinned and winked at the blond.

“I take it back,” Clint amended. “She’s not more subtle, she’s way more direct.”

“I hate all of you. Truly, I do. So much, in fact, that I think I’ll go enjoy my cake alone.” Shaking his head, Tony turned to go.

“Aw, c’mon Tony! Don’t make us all suffer,” Rhodey called after him.

Tony didn’t even turn around, “That would be more compelling if you weren’t laughing like a mad man half a minute ago.” And, truth be told, he was still a little bitter about the ewok thing.

“Hey, man,” Clint said, “There’s no need to be short with him.” The archer looked around eagerly, but everyone else was already groaning. “Get it? Short, like grumpy? But he’s short too?” Nat smacked the back of his head. “Ah, admit it, that was good!”

Tony flipped him the bird as he once again set off to the kitchen. Privately, Tony *did* think it was clever, but hell if he was ever going to let Barton know that.

Once he had gone, Pepper walked over to the box. “Shame,” she said. “He didn’t even see my note.” The ginger haired woman lifted a small piece of paper out of the package and went to follow Tony, her heels clicking on the floor. As she went by, she delicately dropped the note in Steve’s lap.

To help you reach his lips, it said.

4.

It wasn’t often that Tony and Steve were in crowds anymore. The fans and reporters always seemed to spot them within minutes, and once that happened, there was no moving anywhere. But this was a secret operation. Something that required a little more subtlety than the usual “destroy a couple buildings in the name of public safety.” Therefore, Steve and Tony were walking, not slowly, but walking, down the streets of New York back home to the tower. So far, everything had gone smoothly, but they still weren’t sure if they were being followed. The two men tried to stick together. It was best to err on the side of caution in situations like these. It sounded simple, and this was by far the easiest part of the mission, but Steve was having trouble.

The problem was that Tony was too damn short to see in the crowd.

Obviously Tony could take care of himself, but this was a sensitive case. And Steve would be lying if he said he didn’t get a little overprotective of Tony, but that was beside the point.

Where the hell did he go?

Even Steve’s height wasn’t helping him spot Tony. He usually would have recognized his hair, but they were both wearing baseball caps and sunglasses. Steve tried to keep his pace steady, as he assumed Tony would have. Then again, Tony’s legs were a lot shorter than Steve’s, so his stride would be shorter, so maybe he should slow down? He didn’t want to

rush past and not see him, because he couldn't turn around. That could compromise them. Although Tony could also weave in and out of people faster than he could...

As he was thinking over all this in his mind, eyes still darting about around him, Steve felt himself being pulled sharply into a dark side alley. His hands immediately curled into fists and he tightened his core, ready for a fight. There was a loud sigh and his boyfriend took off his sunglasses.

"Tony!"

"Steve!" Tony said in mock surprise.

"Where did you go? I lost you in the crowd."

"You lost me in the- honey, I was right next to you," Tony pinched the bridge of his nose, "Don't you remember the plan, Rogers? Mr. Brilliant Tactician?"

"Of course I remember the plan! And you were not right next to me!"

"I was, and frankly I'm a little insulted-"

"So why are we in this alley?"

"Because we were being tailed? Weren't you paying attention? Also, I needed to tie my shoe."

"*Obviously* we were being tailed, but I thought we were going to throw them off down the street a few blocks from here? Remember when we talked about this? And you *so* do not get to lecture me about sticking to the plan after that thing you pulled last time," Steve said.

"Fair, but I saw him go into a store and I figured that was our chance. And again, my shoe," Tony said.

"Well, did you tie it yet?"

"Have you seen me tie it?"

"When have you worn shoes with laces anyway?"

"Will you both get moving again?" Natasha's voice crackled over their earpieces. "We don't have time for you to bicker like you're already married."

"Copy that, Natasha," Steve said. He nudged the other man with his foot, "We'd better get going. We're almost to the tower."

"I'm ready, let's go," Tony started towards the street.

"Wait! How am I going to keep from losing you again?"

"I told you I was right next to--"

“Well evidently that didn’t work, so what--”

“You need to move now, both of you! You’re going to sabotage us,” Natasha said. “Now!” The redhead was just as intimidating over a comm unit as in person.

Without another word, the two men exited the alley. Steve didn’t say anything, but he looked at his boyfriend and took his hand. That should keep them together. Tony squeezed and held it tighter.

5.

He should have seen this coming. Tony had designed every single one of his teammates’ floors in the tower. He had tried so hard to accommodate them, especially Steve. So what had he done? He went out of his way to get big, sturdy furniture. Like the couches with really wide and long cushions, that let two normal sized people lay side by side lengthways without a problem. Tony had seen Steve fall off the side of a regular couch more than once, and as funny as it was, he was trying to be considerate. Also Pepper was starting get annoyed at how often they broke the furniture, during their, what did she call them? *Exploits*. And she couldn’t even say that without blushing.

But for all his trouble, what was his reward? *His feet couldn’t touch the fucking floor*.

The two were on Steve’s floor of the tower, on his *enormous* couch, watching Jurassic Park. Tony sneakily looked at his boyfriend out of the corner of his eye to see if he noticed Tony’s dilemma. But there he sat, munching happily on his freshly made popcorn. Tony tried to scoot forward, but his butt was on the edge of the couch by the time his feet touched. *Fuck it*, Tony thought. He drew his feet up to avoid drawing further attention. It was an uncomfortable way to sit anyhow.

Stealing a handful of popcorn, Tony leaned on Steve. His head rested on his lap, and he felt Steve’s hand start to comb through his hair. Tony swatted it away.

“You better not be getting butter in my hair.”

“As if I’d stop eating popcorn for you. I’m using my other hand.” He started touching his hair again, purposefully messing it up.

“Whatever.”

A few minutes of silence passed, with the occasional screech of a dinosaur.

“You kind of remind me of a cat sometimes.”

Tony looked up from Steve’s lap, “A cat?”

“Well, maybe a kitten. You like to be petted, you’ve got soft hair, and you’re adorably small.”

“Screw you, Rogers.”

“That’s your job. Ouch! Tony!” Tony had pinched his leg.

“What? Kittens have claws.”

“Tony-”

“Shh! This is the best part!”

“But we’re out of popcorn.” Steve looked pleadingly at him. “And my leg is falling asleep.”

With a groan, Tony uncurled his legs and sat up, “I got it, I got it. But I’m pretty sure that I made you a fresh bag less than 10 minutes ago. Pace yourself much? Damn you and your pretty blue eyes.” Steve leaned over to kiss his cheek, but he stopped halfway. *Shit, the couch*.

“Babe?” He was smiling, like- well, like the cat that got the cream.

“Just watch the movie, will you?”

“Are your feet not touching the ground?” Tony could just *hear* the elation in the blond’s voice.

“I won’t get your popcorn,” he threatened. Steve held up his hands in mock surrender.

For the sake of his dignity, he didn’t look at Steve as he scooted forward. Next time, movie night was in his room.

+1

Perfect, Tony thought. He silently crept behind Steve, preparing to take a running leap. They were finally alone after an exceptionally busy week, and they just wanted to enjoy each other’s company. Well, they would, after Tony tackled Steve to the floor.

Running out from his hiding place, Tony jumped onto Steve’s back with a loud, “Gotcha!”

Except Steve didn’t tumble forward as planned. In fact, he barely moved. “Babe?” Steve turned his head to look at the man clinging to his neck with his legs wrapped around his waist. “What’re you doing?”

“Um, I was going to tackle you.”

“Uh huh. And how’d that work out?”

“I guess you could say that my hypothesis for knocking your huge ass on the ground was disproved.”

“I can see that. It was a valiant effort Tony, but you don’t weigh enough to knock me over.” Steve felt Tony’s face push into his neck, and it felt warm. He smiled when he realized that

his boyfriend was blushing.

“Wh hm uh so shmll?”

“What?”

Tony removed his head from the crook of the blond’s neck and unhooked his legs from his waist, putting his feet on the floor. “I said, why am I so small?”

“Tony, you’re not actually small. You’re just small compared to me. Does it bother you? If it really does, all you have to do is tell me and I’ll never mention it again.”

“Well-”

“But for what it’s worth,” Steve hoisted him up again so Tony was essentially sitting on his forearms, hands on the brunet’s ass, “it’s one of my favorite things about you. Physically, that is.”

“Is it really?” The look on Tony’s face was dubious at best.

“Yes, it is,” Steve pecked him on the forehead, “I love being able to wrap my arms completely around you, because I know you love it. I love that when I hug you hard enough your feet lift off the ground. I love being able to pick you up so easily, and I *know* you love that because we’ve made good use of it,” the larger man grinned and gripped Tony’s ass a little harder. “I love that I get to keep you warm in bed and how you fit right in front of me when we’re sleeping and I can hold you when you get nightmares. I love that whenever you wear my shirts you drown in them. I love that you can get so defensive about your height, it’s adorable. It’s just an integral part of you, so I love it. And, when I was small, much smaller than you, mind, those were the times when it bothered me least. So I like being able to give that to you.”

“Huh.”

“So, does it bother you?”

“You know, I don’t think it does.”

“That’s a relief. I would’a missed the wall sex.”

“Why is it that everyone thinks *I’m* the sex fiend in this relationship?” He jabbed his finger at Steve’s chest. Steve shrugged, and Tony went up with his shoulders. “Alright, you’ve convinced me, I’m at peace now. But you have to promise me something.”

“Anything,” Steve kissed him again.

“No more damn fantasy sci-fi creature comparisons.”

“But I didn’t get to use my house elf one yet!”

“Too bad, blondie. Now let’s enjoy our day off.” Steve set Tony down, but the shorter man wrinkled his brow.

“Something wrong?”

“No. I mean, nothing is *direly* wrong. It’s just that my legs are tired and it’s been a long day and now that we’ve established that I don’t mind being the short one-” Steve scooped up his boyfriend bridal style before the question was even finished. “I’m dating a mind reader,” Tony said.

“You’re just awful at subtlety.”

“Hm. You love my dramatics,” His eyelids drooped. He let himself and his pride fall away as he melted into Steve’s arms.

“Whatever you say, darling.” A pair of soft lips pressed against Tony’s forehead and he very nearly purred with happiness.

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